The *Glaſgow* Laſſes

GARLAND,

Compoſed of ſome excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. The *Glaſgow* Laſſes Reſolution to follow the *Scots Fuzileers.*

II. The Seamen's Diſtreſs.

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Licenſed and entered according to Order

The *Glaſgow* LASSES GARLAND, *&c.*

The Laſſes Reſolution to follow the Scotch Fuzileers.

IN *Glaſgow* we had a great Breaking,
The like hath not been ſeen for ſome Years,
How the Laſſes are all gone a Packing,
Along with the *Scotch Fuzileers.*
Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

Soon after they came into *Glaſgow*,
There Cloaths all to them were made new;
The Laſſes they fancied the Livery,
The bonny bright Red and the Blue.

Mens Daughters of good Reputation,
Whole Money was ſure every Year,
They have left of their Schools and their Learning,
And followed the *Scotch Fuzileers.*

The Stocking Worker and the Quilter,
And her that was learning to ſew,
Cries out, No Colours are fitting
To her but the Red and the Blue.

The Laſſes that were at Shop-keeping,
She keeped her Eyes on the Streets,
Thinking ſhe would get the Serjeant,
But the Soldier hath given them the Cheat.

The Lais that did ſerve with the Provoſt,
The Bailiffs, and Gentles of the Town;
With Houſe-keeping they are ſo weary,
They have choſen to march up and down.

The

The Miniſter's Laſs and her Siſter,
Cries out, That their Ears are but deaf
With hearing of Reading, and Praying,
But now ſings, O bleſſed Relief!

The Laſs that did ſerve with the Tradeſman,
Cries out, O my Heart it will break;
Before I would work at ſuch Slavery,
I'll rather go bear the Knapſeck.

The Laſs that did ſerve with the Blackſmith,
Complains that the Staedy made Noiſe;
And for to be free of that Evil,
The red Coat ſhe hath made her Choice.

The Laſs that did ſerve with the Taylor,
She could not complain of her Toil:
But when ſhe was asked, ſhe anſwered,
Her Maidenhead began for to ſpoil.

The Laſs that did ſerve with the Weaver,
Complain'd that the Looms did her Harm;
But now ſhe is gone with the Soldiers,
She had better been winding her Yarn.

The Laſs that did ſerve with the Currier,
Complains that the Leather does ſmell:
But they are gone with the red Coats,
They'll ſoon make their Bellies to ſwell.

The Wrights, the Maſons, and Coopers,
Their Laſſes, as I underſtand;
Were cry'd, to ſhew they were married,
Although to another Wife's Man.

The Bakers, the Barbers, and Fleſhers,
Their Laſſes went out in the Dark,
And they were clandeſtinely married,
Without either Parſon or Clerk.

The Laſs that abode with her Mother,
I hear, for ſomething ſhe did grin,
The Thing which they had to give her,
I'll warrant ye 'ken what I mean.

The Laſs that did ſerve with the Gard'ner,
And ſhe that the Milk-ſtoups did bear,
With ſeeding of Hawkey ſhe is weary,
She has follow'd the *Scotch Fuzileers*.

Now I have made it my Endeavour,
To ſhew how the Laſſes did go
Along with the Soldiers from *Glaſgow*,
So that every Body may know.

Now Mothers weep not for your Daughters,
For ſoon they'll be Home unto you,
Without any Decreaſe of their Number,
For every One you ſhall have Two.

But now before that I conclude,
I'll ſhew you the Reaſon for what,
The Laſſes ſo loved the red Coats,
They long'd for the Thing which they got.
Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

The Seaman's Diſtreſs.

AS we lay muſing in our Beds,
So well and ſo warm at Eaſe;
I thought upon theſe lodging Beds,
Poor Seamen have at Seas;

Laſt *Eaſter* Day in the Morning fair,
We was not far from Land,
Where we 'ſpied a Mermaid on the Rock,
With Comb and Glaſs in Hand.

The

The firſt came up the Mate of our Ship,
With Lead and Line in Hand,
To ſound and ſee how deep we was,
From any Rock or Sand.

The next came up the Boatſwain of our Ship,
With Courage ſtout and bold:
Stand faſt, ſtand faſt, my brave lively Lads,
Sand faſt my brave Hearts of Gold.

Our gallant Ship is gone to Wreck,
Which was ſo lately trimm'd:
The raging Seas has ſprung a Leck,
And the Salt-water does run in.

Our Gold and Silver, and all our Cloths,
And all that ever we had,
We forced was to heave them over-board,
Thinking our Lives to ſave.

In all the Number that we was on board,
Was five Hundred and Sixty-four;
And all that ever came alive on Shore,
There was but poor Ninety-five.

The firſt beſpoke the Captain of our Ship,
And a well ſpoke Man was he;
I have a Wife in fair *Plymouth* Town,
And a Widow I fear ſhe muſt be.

The next beſpoke the Mate of our Ship,
And a well beſpoke Man was he;
I have a Wife in fair *Portſmouth*,
And a Widow I fear ſhe muſt be.

The next beſpoke the Boatſwain of our Ship,
And a well beſpoke Man was he;

I have

I have a Wife in fair *Exeter*,
And a Widow I fear ſhe muſt be.

The next beſpoke the little Cabbin Boy,
And a well beſpoke Boy was he;
I am as ſorry for my Mother dear,
As you are for your Wives all Three.

Laſt Night when the Moon ſhin'd bright,
My Mother had Sons Five;
But now ſhe may look in the Salt Seas,
And find but one alive.

Call a Boat, call a Boat, you little *Plymouth* Boys,
Don't you hear how the Trumpet ſound;
The Want of our Boat, our gallant Ship is loſt,
And the moſt of our merry Men is drown'd.

Whilſt we in the raging Seas do blow,
And there lofty Winds do blow:
And we poor Seamen do lie on the Top,
Whilſt the Landmen lies below.

The Maiden's Hopes in the Lottery.

I Am a young Damſel that flatters myſelf,
That I ſhall grow Rich, have Abundance of Wealth,
I have got but one Guinea, 'tis all I am worth,
And a fortunate Girl I have been from my birth,
So I'll buy me a Ticket my Hopes for to crown,
With Flattery in the Lottery of ten thouſand Pound.

My Fortune was told me that I ſhould be rich,
'Twas by an old Woman, I think ſhe's a Witch,

For

For I've as good Chance as the beſt in Town,
For to be a fine Lady of Fame and Renown,
For in buying this Ticket my Hopes for to crown,
With Flattery in the Lottery of ten thouſand Pound.

Young *Roger* he ſwears that he loves me as dear,
As if I was worth full three hundred a Year,
But if I a Lady of Fortune ſhould be,
Why ſhould I accept ſuch a Fellow as he,
For in buying this Ticket my Hopes for to crown,
With Flattery in the Lottery of ten thouſand Pound.

Laſt Night in my Bed as I ſlumbering lay,
I fancied I heard them in *Guildhall* to ſay,
Here's Number three thouſand, three hundred and,
I ſtarted and thought the great Prize was my own
For in buying this Ticket my Hopes for to crown,
With Flattery in the Lottery of ten thouſand Pound.

Then many a Nobleman ſhould me approach,
And oftentimes take me Abroad in the Coach,
I'll wed the beſt Bidder my Fortune to riſe,
Why ſhould I lack low when I have a high Prize,
For in buying this Ticket my Hopes for to crown,
With Flattery in the Lottery of ten thouſand Pound

But if that a Blank ſhould be drawn up for me,
If my Money I loſe ſtill chearful I'll be;
For I can have *Roger* when at the laſt puſh,
One Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Buſh,
And if in my Ticket no Hopes there are found,
Farewel Flattery in the Lottery, and ten thouſand Pound.

The ANSWER.

I Am a young Man who don't flatter myſelf,
But am pleas'd in my Station, and never crave for Wealth;

My

My Money I'll keep within my own Bounds,
To pleasure my Fancy, in Cities and Towns,
So I'll have no Ticket my Senses to drown,
Nor Flattery in the Lottery of ten thousand Pound.

My Fortune was told me, to learn to be wise,
By prizing my Liberty and Money likewise,
In doing of this my Joy's no abound,
I'm as happy as any Man in the Town,
For I'll buy no Ticket my Senses to drown,
Nor Flattery in the Lottery of ten thousand Pound.

Young *Roger's* my Name, I did love you, 'tis true,
But now I have left you, my Dear, for a new;
Your Pride and Ambition will ne'er do for me,
From a Servant to aim a grand Lady to be,
So Farewel proud *Kitty*, your Pride will come down
Your Guinea you'll lose, and the ten thousand Pound.

Last Night in my Bed as I slumbering lay,
Methought I heard *Kitty* in *Guildhall* to say,
My Ticket's a Blank, all my Joys they are flown,
My Money I've lost, and my Sweetheart gone;
Now I am left in Sorrow and Grief to abound.
With Flattery i'th' Lottery of ten thousand Pound.

You said many a Nobleman would you approach,
And oftentimes take you Abroad in his Coach;
Your Coach now is vanish'd, you find it my dear,
By building of Castles aloft in the Air;
In buying this Ticket your Hopes did abound,
With Flattery i'th' Lottery of ten thousand Pound.

But since that your Ticket a Blank it has prove,
You must be contented, alas! my old Love
You said a Bird in the Hand's worth two in Bush
But now you've lost it which makes you to blush.
So you trust to Tickets your Senses to drown,
Nor Flattery in the Lottery of ten thousand Pound.

FINIS.